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ADVENTURES AT GOLF

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME
HUMOURS OF GOLF
By W. Heath Robinson

ADVENTURES AT GOLF

BY

H. M. BATEMAN



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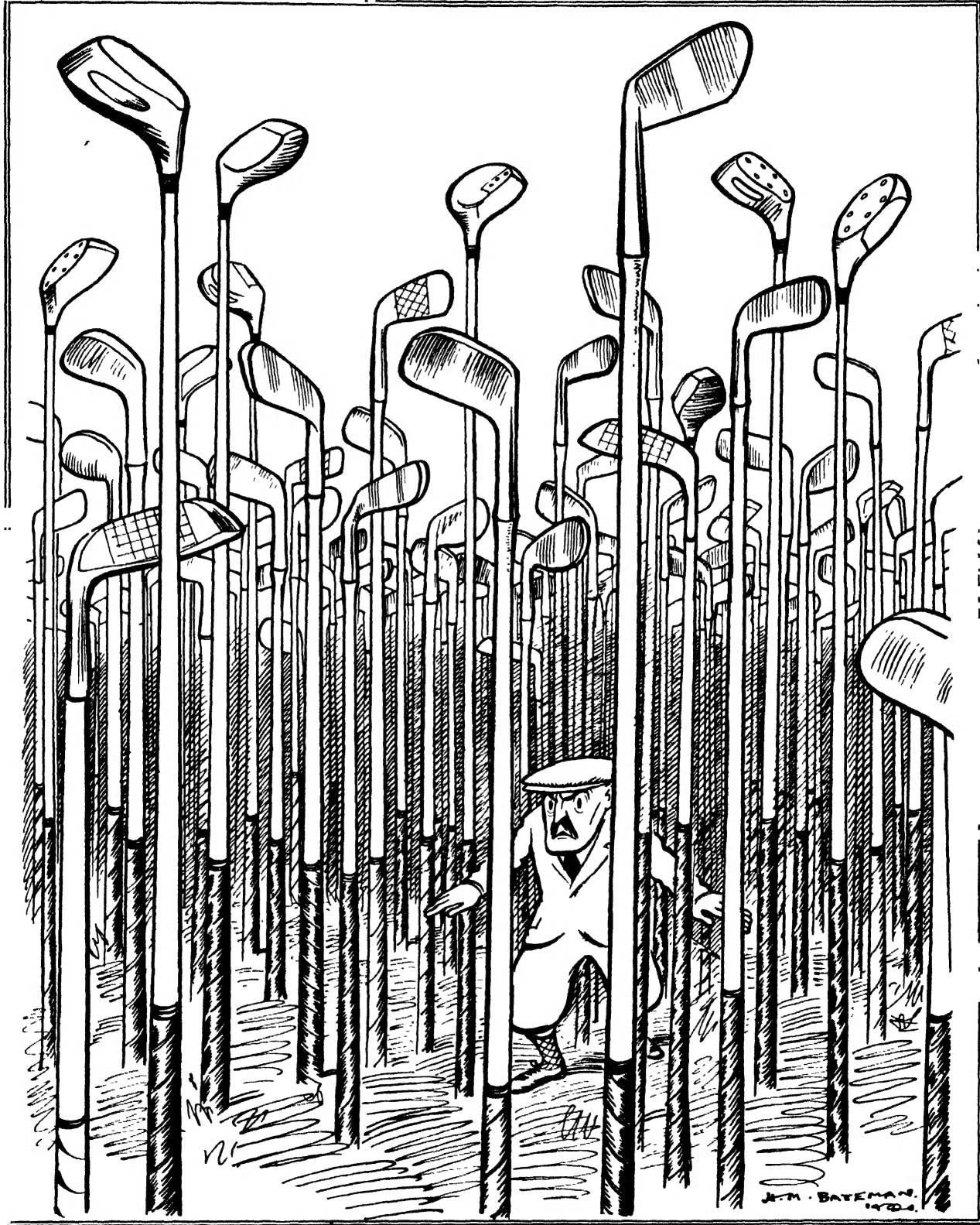
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THE NIGHTMARE OF A GOLFER WHO COULD NOT FIND A CLUB TO SUIT HIM



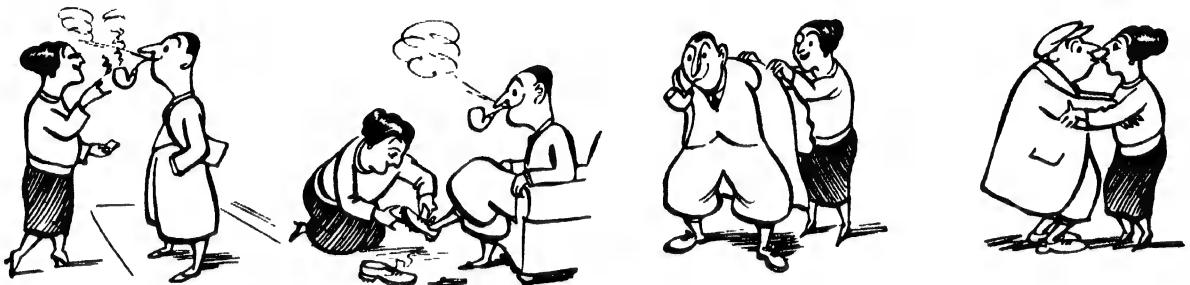
Missed!



GREEN JEALOUSY



Rain



MEDAL DAY:
OR, THE PERFECT WIFE

JIM BATEMAN. 1951



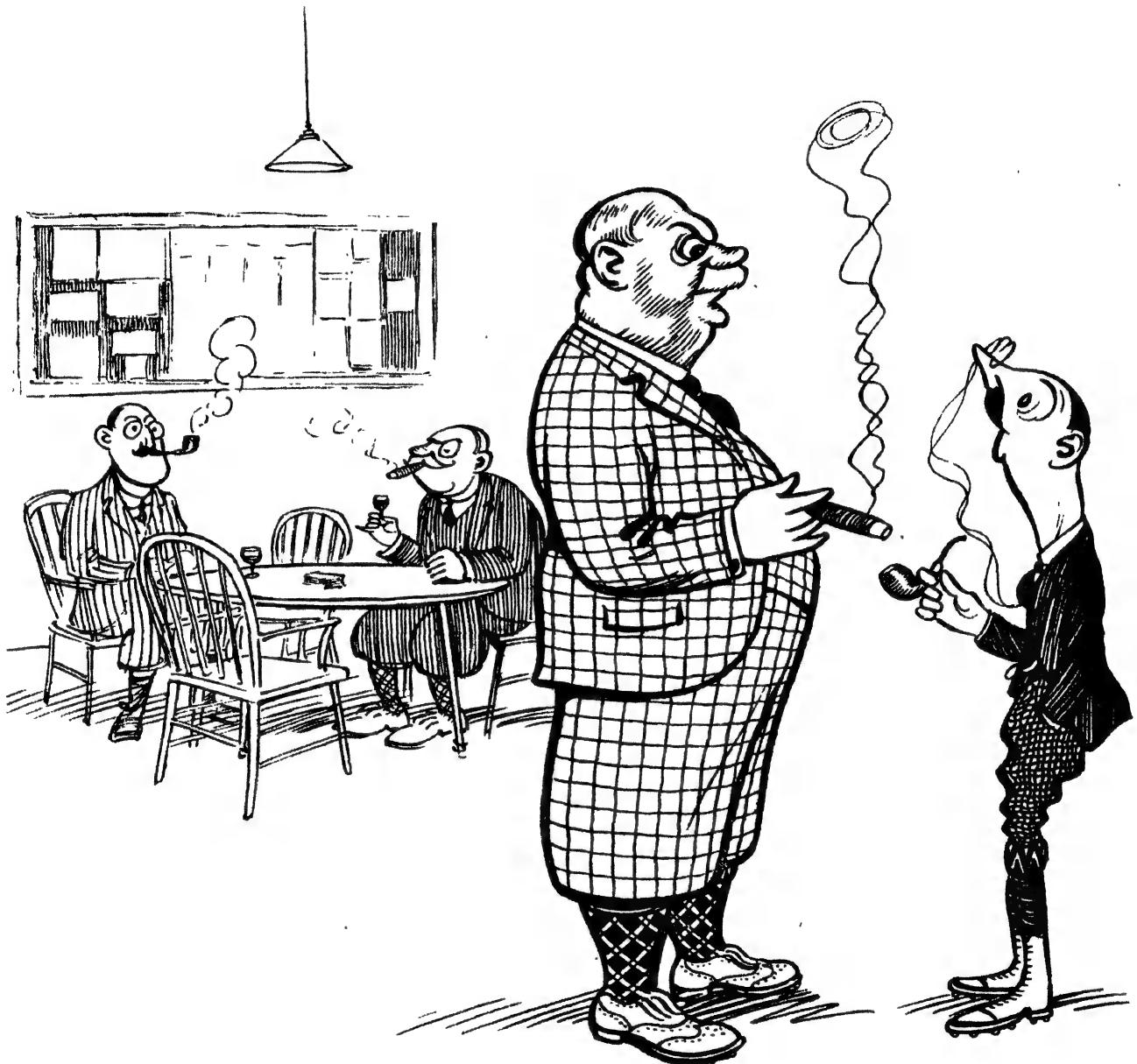
Irc



" What a perfectly magnificent and glorious morning it is, to be sure ! "
" Y-e-c-s. You're two up ! "



Sloe Gin



' Will you come and make a four at bridge, sir ? ''
' I'm exceedingly sorry, sir, but I don't play bridge.' ''
' You don't play bridge, sir ? Then what the devil did you join a golf club for ? '



Compassion



"How many?"
"Nineteen."
"By gad, I've two for it!"



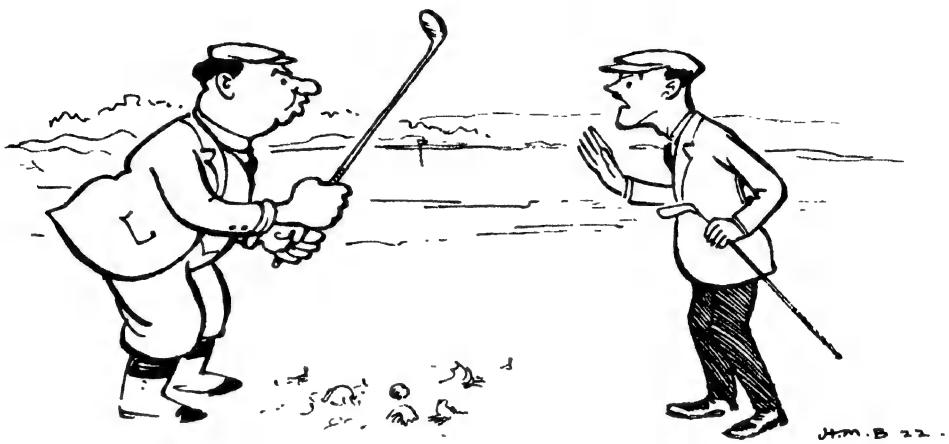
INSTRUCTOR : "The swing should be compact, yet free . keep your eye on the ball, let the left hand take the club away from the ball, slowly at first, but gathering momentum until the hands are on a level with the head, at the same time pivoting on the left knee and allowing the body to turn to the right , at the top of the swing do not pause, but at once commence the downward stroke, still keeping the eye on the ball. The club must now travel with ever-increasing speed, until it reaches its highest velocity at the moment of impact."

PUPIL : " Eh ~ "



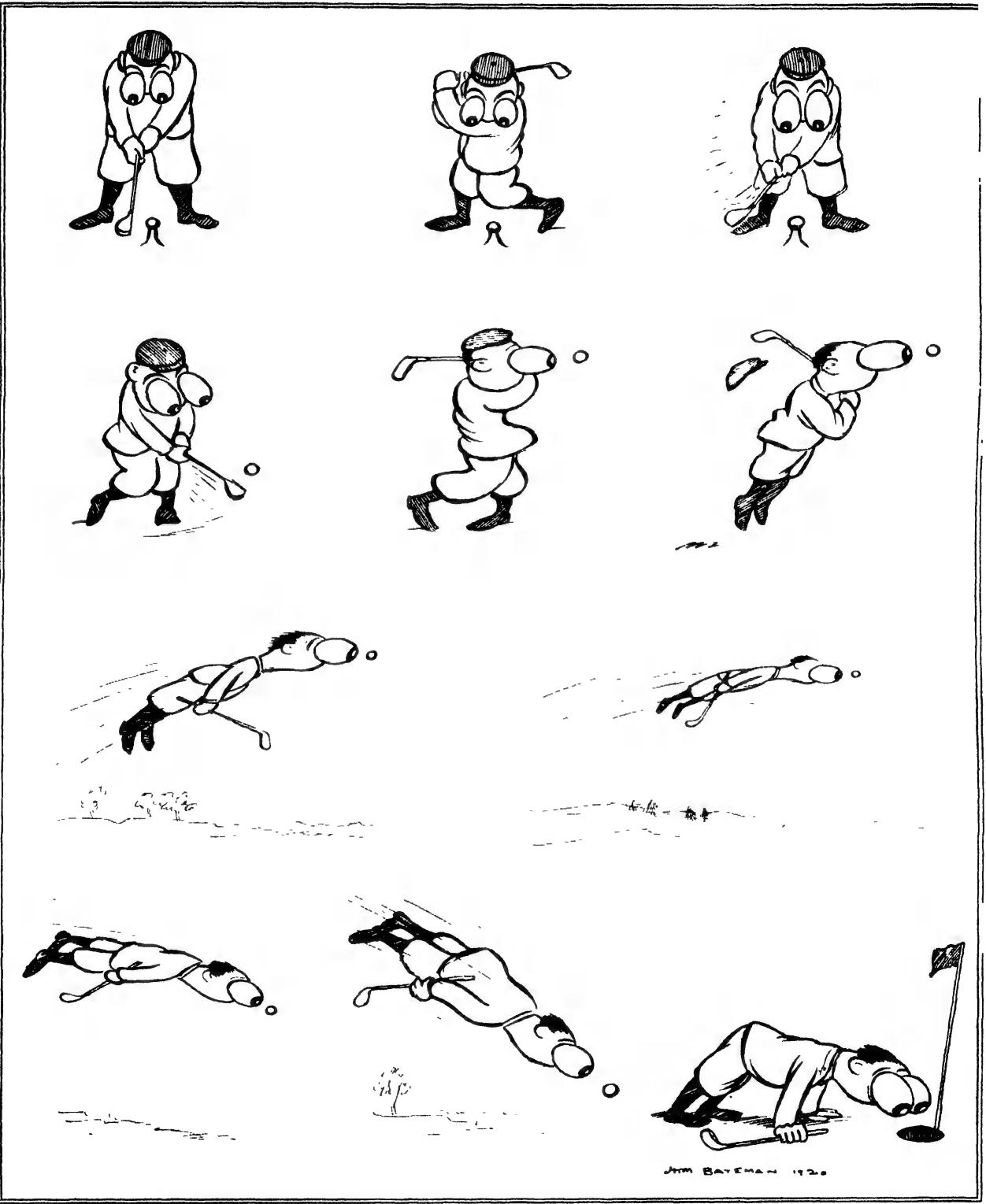
THE MAN WHO TOOK HIS EYE COMPLETELY OFF THE BALL

W.W. BATEMAN 1920



*"Oh, swing the club, man! Swing it! Don't chop at the ball as if you were
a butcher!"*

"Confound it,—but that's precisely what I am!"



THE MAN WHO REALLY DID KEEP HIS EYE ON THE BALL
AND FOLLOWED RIGHT THROUGH



The Woman-Hater

W.W. BATEMAN
1920



VARDON PUTTING AT THE TURN



Carrying for the General



I cannot understand it. My shoes are the famous "Zedo," tongued, grooved and welted by expert craftsmen, and soled with Rubadub, a secret pneumatic preparation of rubber which has never slipped.



My stockings are made from the selected fleeces of hardy mountain sheep, specially bred for the purpose in the remotest fastnesses of the Scottish Highlands.



My knickers are no mere plus fours—they are plus fourteens, cut and designed by anatomists who have served a long apprenticeship in the muscles of the leg.



My coat, besides being atmosphere proof, is a masterpiece of the sartorial art, and is planned to give free play in the shoulder blades, allowing them to work smoothly and silently with the precision and rhythm of a well-oiled machine.



My collar is the "Breth," made by the strong yet supple fingers of expert needlewomen, giving complete freedom to throat and neck, and allowing great draughts of life-giving air to flush the lungs—so essential in match or medal play.



My cap, when I wear one, is of a lovely heather mixture, redolent of the pines and moor, of the hoarse calling of grouse and theplash of leaping salmon; its peak protects the eye pupil in the act of putting.



My pipe is no ordinary briar—it is a Bruyère de Luxe, has a name and a number, and is made from the old seasoned wood of a famous French Royalist forest.



My clubs—ah, my clubs!—I will only say that each is super, and won from white-hot smelting furnaces by steel-sinewed Northmen, themselves plus golfers. My bag is of acorn-fed pigskin.

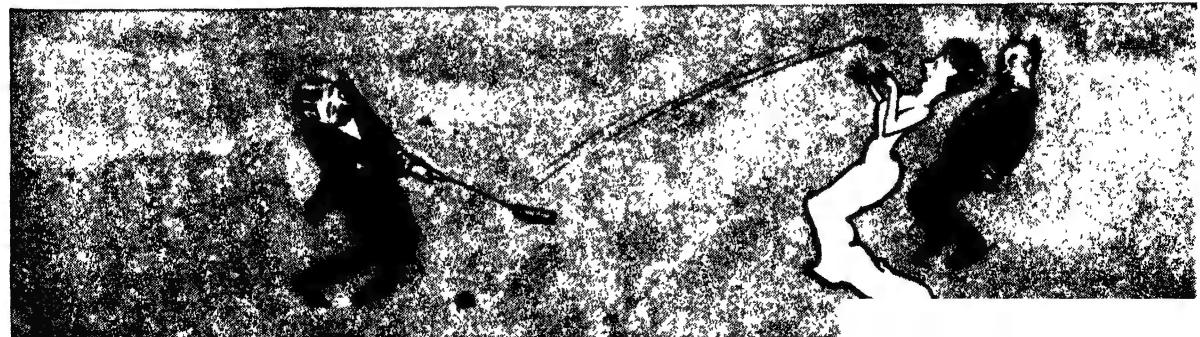


And yet—and YET, I say—this THING takes half a crown from me with regularity.

JIM BATEMAN



A Caddy



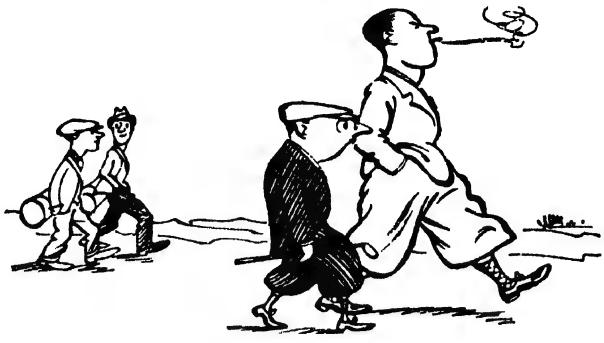
THE MAN WHO INSISTS ON SHOWING HOW HE DID IT



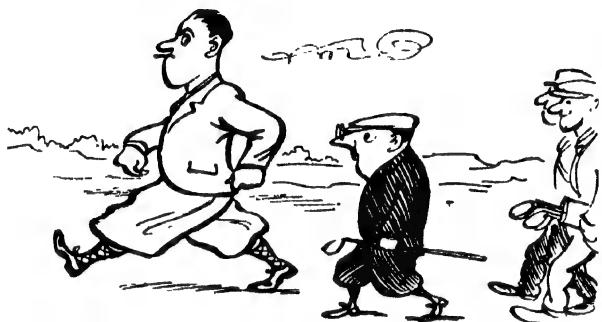
Ignominy



THE START: ALL SQUARE.



ONE UP.



TWO UP.



FIVE UP.



DORMY NINE.



TEN UP AND EIGHT.



THE CONGRATULATIONS.



THE CUP.

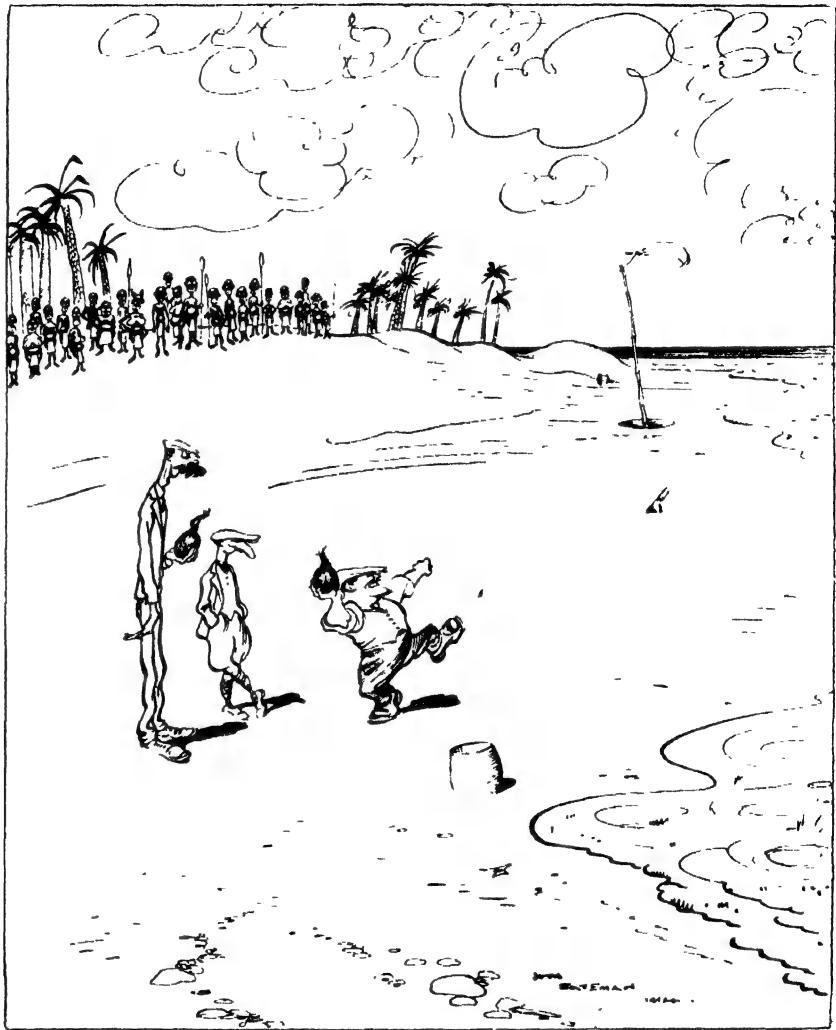
THE PAINS OF MODESTY



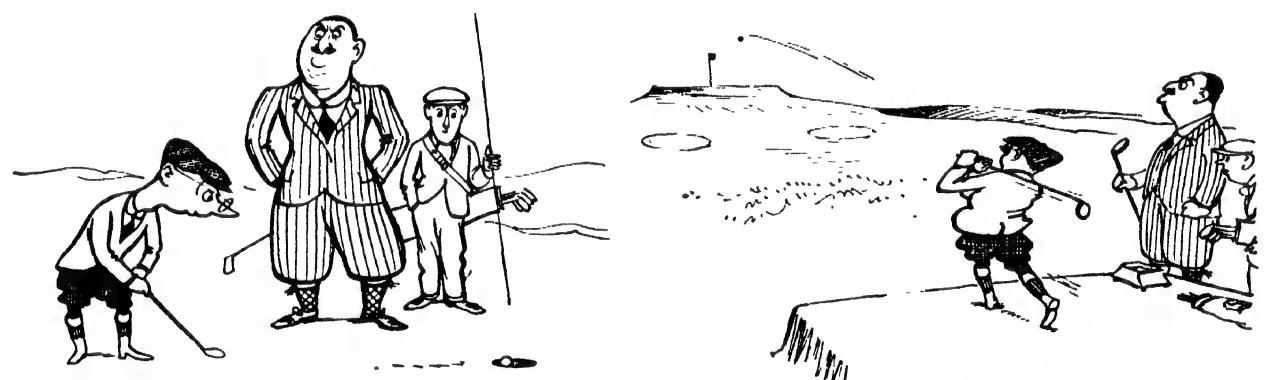
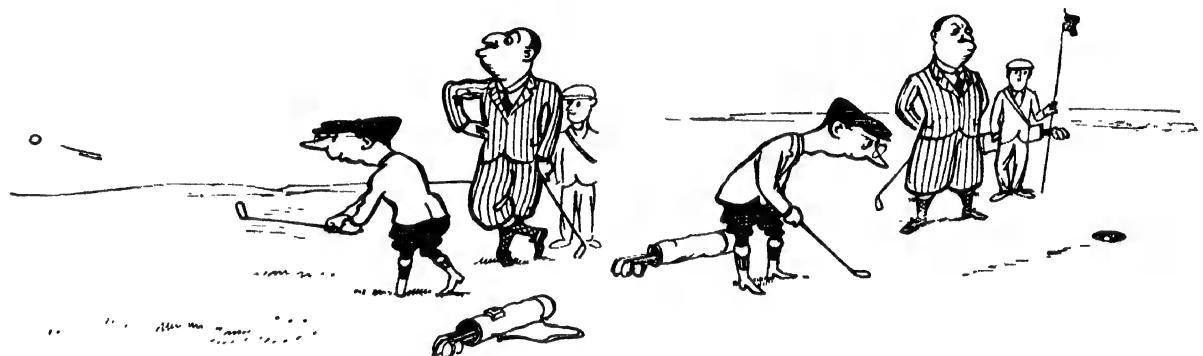
Blasphemy



PLAYING FOR THE POT

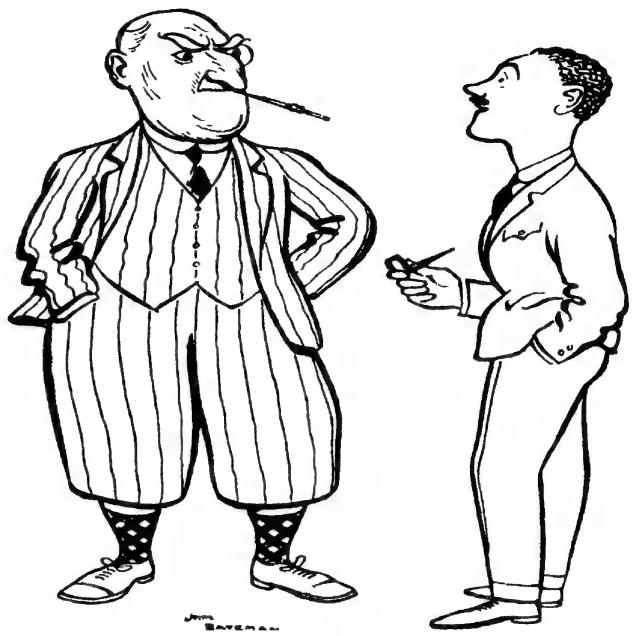


ON A DESERT ISLAND
*The famous triumvirate would doubtless develop a suitable game,—
putting the coco-nut, for example*



W.H. BATEMAN, 1920

THE MAN YOU GIVE A GAME TO



'Do you want a game, sir?"
'Well—ah—perhaps—what's your handicap?'
'Er—scratch.'
'H'm. profession?'
'Nil.'
'Income?'
'Five thousand a year'
'Ah—what did you do in the Great War?'
'Brigadier-General; won D.S.O.'
'Married?'
'Prettiest woman in the country'
'H'm. Well, I give you nine holes!"



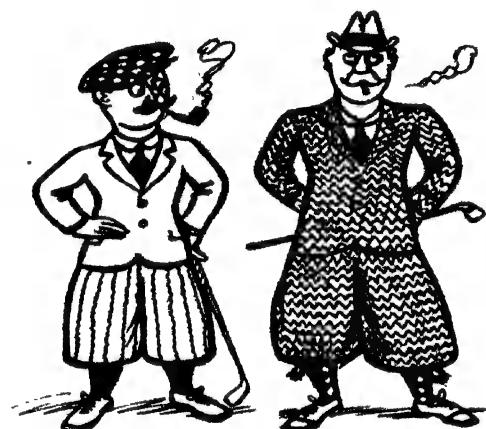
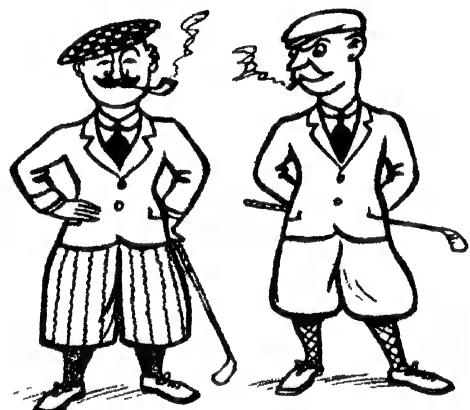
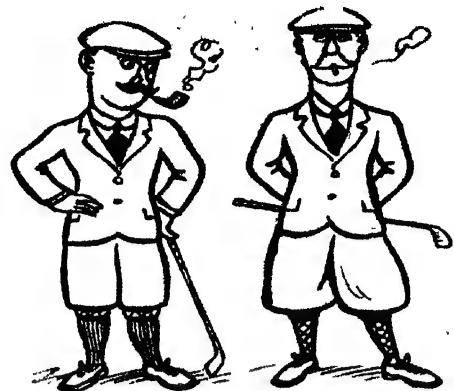
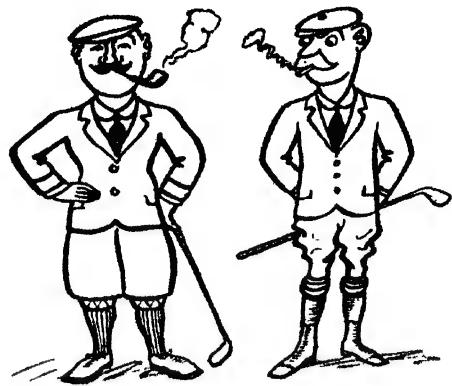
THE STRAIN OF PERFECTION

'Confound ! I believe it's easier to be Prime Minister than plus one !'



The newest Patent Club

J.H.
BATEMA



JOHN BATTEMAN 1924

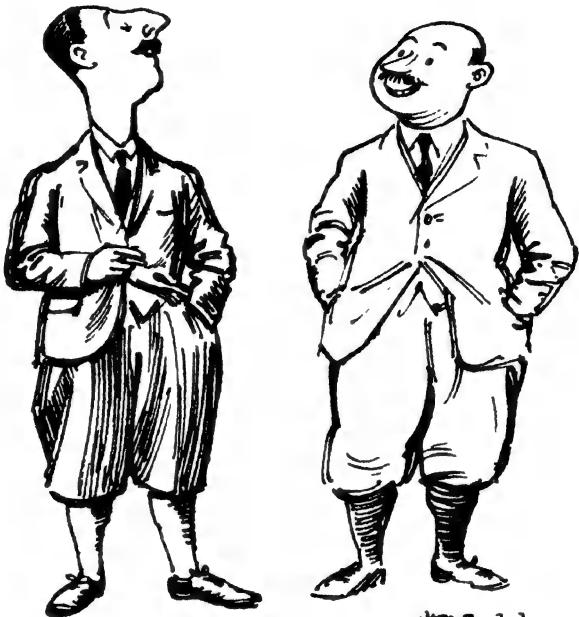
GOLF, GOLFIER, GOLFIEST!



Taildown-ness



ABSENCE OF MIND



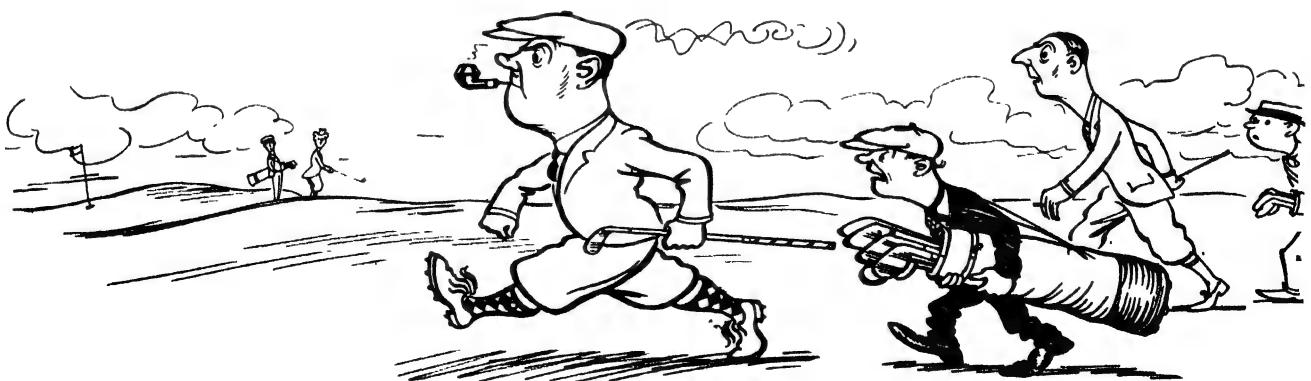
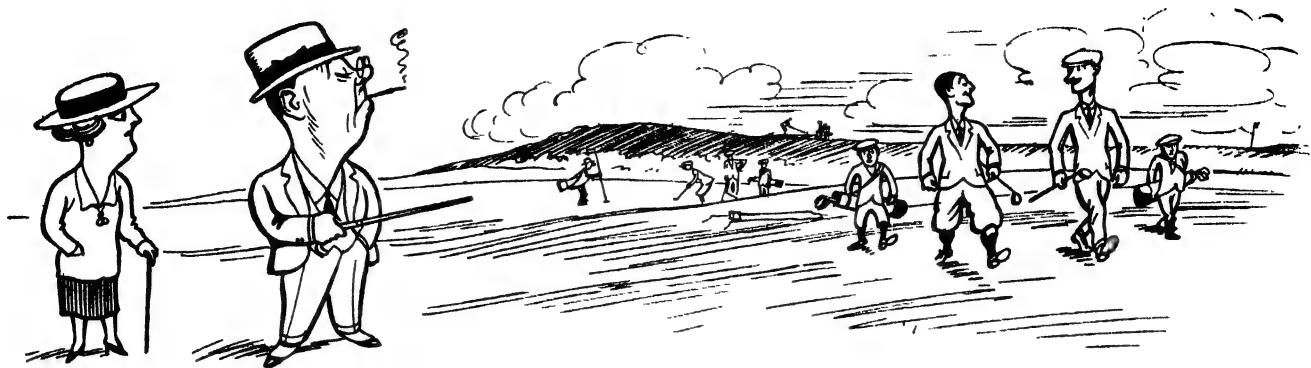
JIM B. 22.

SCRATCH : "Ah, Jackson, how do? How's the game progressing?"

TWENTY-SEVEN : "Oh, fine, thanks! I'm improving every day."

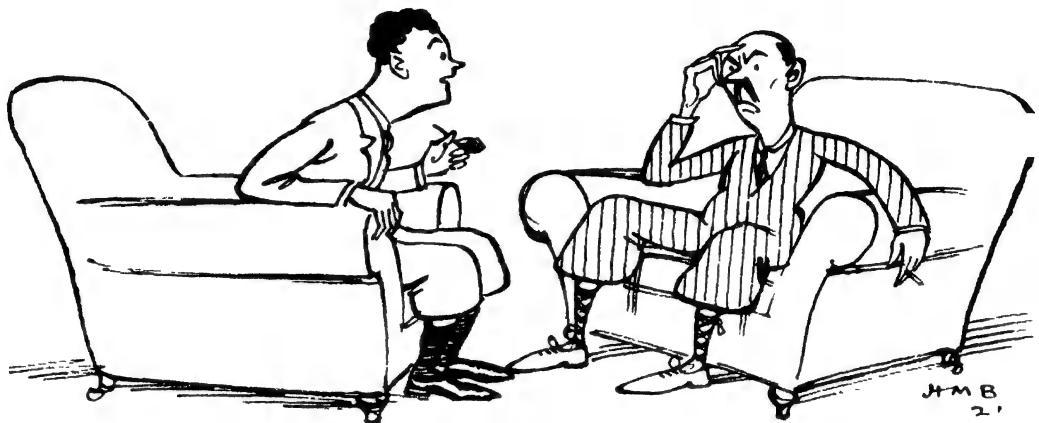
SCRATCH : "Good! Winning all your matches, eh?"

TWENTY-SEVEN : "Well, hardly that,—but I'm—er—specializing in byes!"



JIM BATEMAN

THE GOLF HATER



" You might not think it, but two years ago I almost committed suicide '

" Good heavens ! "

" It's quite true I'd have done it too, only——"

" Only what ? "

" Oh, I didn't follow through properly, I suppose ! "



MISTIMED

Voice (heard at the top of the swing) : " Can you tell me the time, please, sir ? "



Reminiscences



THE PRACTICE SWINGS



THE SCREAMING DRIVE



THE THUNDERING BRASSIE



THE LONG RAKING IRON



THE DELIGHTFUL MASHIE CHIP



THAT—



LITTLE—



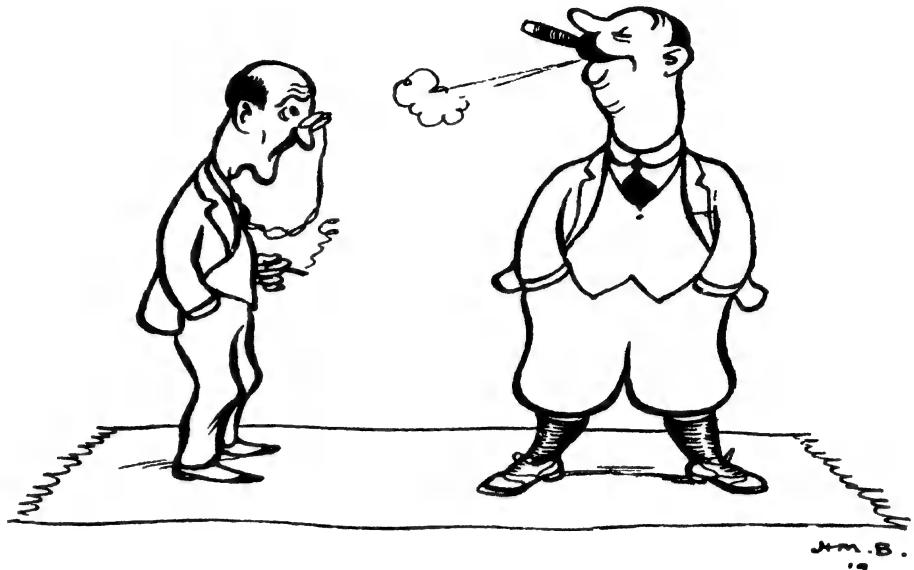
TINY—



PUTT!

THE LITTLE MORE—HOW MUCH IT IS!

JIM BATEMAN



Why are you always playing golf?"
"Oh, it keeps me fit."
"Yes—but fit for what?"
"Oh, more golf."



THE PERFECT HOST

"Well, how did you get on with Thompson ?"
"Oh, we had quite a good game. I won the first hole and he won the rest."
"Ah, I know he's a hard nut to beat."
"Oh, well, of course I wasn't trying—you see, he was my guest !"

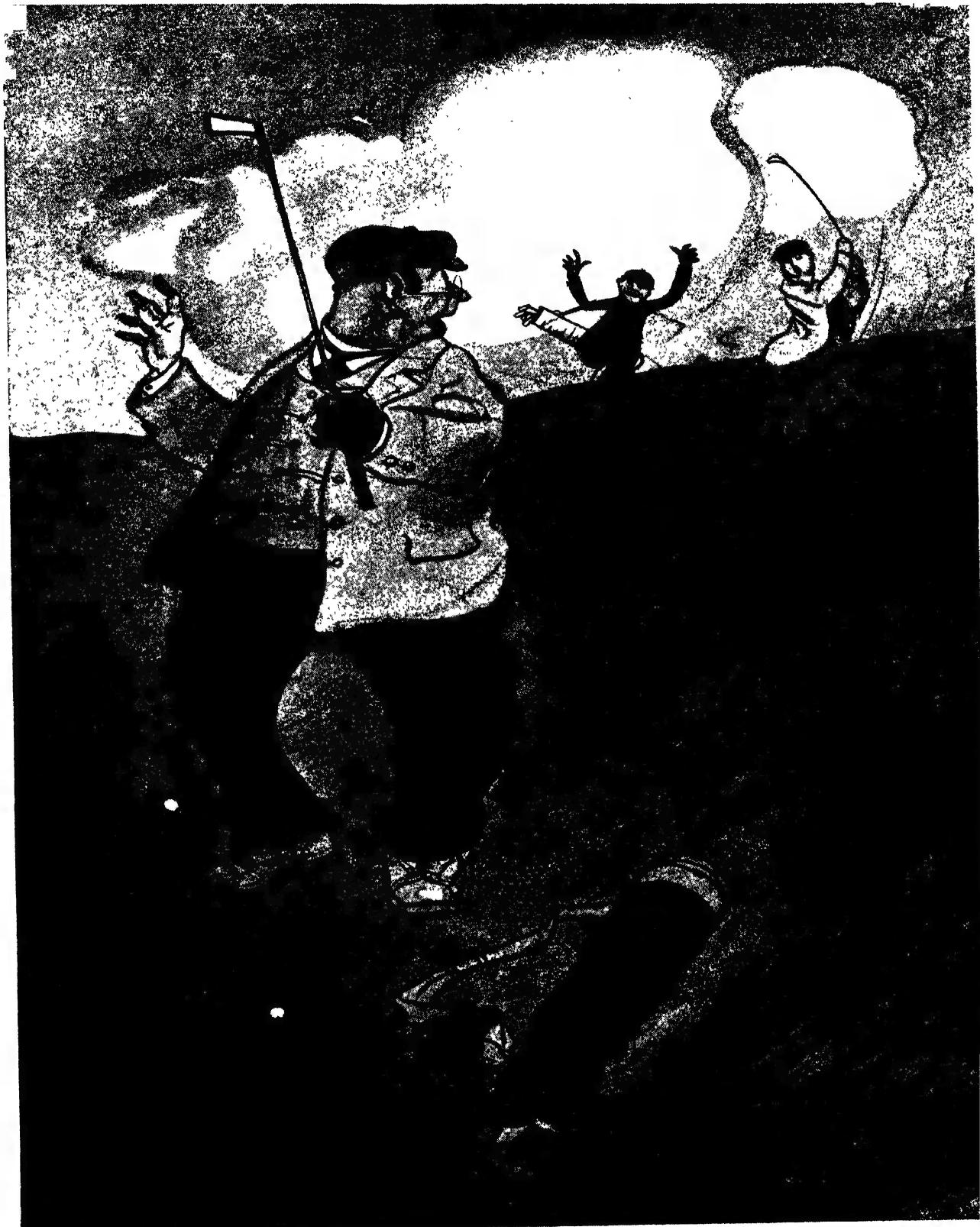


The Crisis



AN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE





CONFFOUND YOU, SIR! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE PLAYING—CROQUET?"



The Bore



COLONEL X. IN 1918



-AND IN 1920



*Uncle, I suppose YOU never have the slightest difficulty
in keeping your eye on the ball!"*



CHILDREN : " And what did *you* do during the Great War, Daddy ? "

DADDY (brightening) : " Holed out in one at the fifteenth, my dears ! "



